

Ms. Joan Mellen
P.O.Box 359
Pennington, NJ 08534

3/25/01

Dear Joan,

Hopefully, two weeks from tomorrow I'll be 88. My doctors have given me up twice since you were here and after I spent three and a half weeks at Johns Hopkins, its report to the local critical care expert who expected me to be dead before I got there expressed surprise that I had survived all I have survived. I'm now in kidney dialysis, which means forever and knocks the hell out of me three days a week. And despite all I'm still writing. I've about two dozen books for the record for history. In them I address the extremes of both sides. So I do not, really cannot, take much time for personal correspondence. Especially not when I believe that what I'll say will be ignored.

That is what I expect of you in your Garrison project. You know what you want to say and the hell with fact, you will say that. And that is your right. But as a friend I invite you here some weekend, with a tape recorded, and if I know in advance perhaps I can make some of records, one in particular, available to you at Hood College, where it now is, along with almost all my other records. I suggest a tape for several reasons. One is that it enables you to make others aware and can make me aware of any denial. Another is to have that tape as a record for history.

I don't know anyone to whom you have access who can be a dependable source on Garrison. You cannot trust his books, either. And the stuff Oliver Stone used is fiction, esp. that My. X, who was Garrison's own invention and was not Prouty.

Listen to me, Joan. You can and I think will ruin your reputation with what I believe you are up to. It will, I believe, hurt you in publishing and if you get reviews, they can be devastating.

It makes no personal difference to me what you say about Garrison and if I'd wanted to I'd have done it years ago. It would have been marketable then, too.

I do not expect you to call but if you want to, I try to be abed by 6 and the dialysis has me away from 5:30 a.m. until 11 Monday, Wednesday and Friday. Sincerely, Harold Weisberg *HW*